

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.
LONDON, 14th December.
Lord Reay has been appointed to succeed Sir James Ferguson as Governor of Bombay.

DR. CARLOS.

BOMBAY, 11th December.
The Daily News this morning published a telegram stating that Dr. Carlos will shortly visit India.

TELEGRAPH FOR MADRAS.
MADRAS, 11th December.

The company formed for the purpose of carrying out the transvaal scheme in the city of Madras has been successfully floated in the THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

MADRAS, 10th December.

The December number of the Christian College Magazine has some smart strictures on Madame Blavatsky's critique on its first articles giving her letters. The editor hopes the matter will go into court, as it is by a judicial verdict alone that Madame Blavatsky can ever clear her character.

ON THE CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, 17th December.
The Ceylon cricket team beat the Tamil Eleven in two innings by 14 runs.

THE A.M.L.N. BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

ATLAS (THRO' QUETTA).
QUETTA, 10th December.

Our march through this district lies across a magnificent country with broad downs and a network of irrigation, but the country has been entirely depopulated by Turcoman disturbances. It is a common topic of conversation in the Mission that it should be the duty of England to civilize and colonize this fertile country herself, or to permit others to do so. The soil is wonderfully rich and the temperature climate well adapted for Europeans. The Governor of Herat passed through camp yesterday with 2,000 irregular troops to join Sir Peter Lawrence.

BURMAH NEWS.

RANGOON, 6th December.
An Armenian had been in the stocks at Mandalay for impugning Pandita. A few British subjects were beaten with hammers for being drunk. King Thibaw is making overtures to the Shan Chiefs, with the view of restoring peace. All letters arriving by post are now opened by the Prime Minister. The King, having got hold of several Hungarian plaudits about the massacres, became violently indignant. The Queen is sending her confidential Wain to India again for news.

The crowds in Upper Burma are reported to be unusually good.

RANGOON, 8th December.
King Thibaw, against the advice of his Ministers, has made a convention through his agents in Europe, with a French Company to manufacture firearms in Mandalay.

Efforts are being made to find out Lord Dufferin's intentions.

RANGOON, 8th December.
The steamer Coracora, with a cargo of rice from Monrovia to the Straits, has gone ashore at the entrance to the Salween River. The ground is very irregular and rocky, and fears are entertained that she will become a total wreck.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

FRIDAY, 2nd January, 1885.

OPIMUM.

Quotations are—
Malwa (New). \$350 per picul, aloe, none
Malwa (2 years). \$343
Malwa (3). \$345
Pata (New). \$35
Pata (Old). \$570 to \$572
Bengal (New). \$394

EXCHANGE.

ON LONDON.—Bank Bills, at 4 months' demand. 3/51
Bank Bills, at 30 days' sight. 3/61
Bank Bills, at 6 months' sight. 3/71
Credits, at 1 month's sight. 3/71
Documentary Bills, at 3 months' sight. 3/71
Private, 30 days' sight. 7/31

SHARES.

Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Shares—110 per cent. Unite Insurance Society of Canton, Limited—\$340 per share, or div.

China Trade's Insurance Company's Shares—\$64 per share.

North China Insurance—Tls. 255 per share.
Yangtze Insurance Association—Tls. 137 per share.

China Insurance Company, Limited—\$175 per share ex div.
On The Insurance Company, Limited—Tls. 143 per share.

Canton Insurance Office, Limited—\$371 per share.
Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$324 per share. Sellers.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$67 per share. Sellers.

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—\$32 per cent. premium.
Hongkong and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—\$34 per share premium.

Indo-China Steam Navigation Co.'s Shares—30 per cent. discount.

China and Manila Steamship Company, Limited—30 per cent. discount.

Douglas Steamship Company, Limited—Par, nominal.
Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$30 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—\$120 per share.

China Sugar Refining Company, Limited—103 per share. Sellers.

China Sugar Refining Company (Debentures)—nominal.
Luzon Sugar Refining Company, Limited—\$67 per share. Sellers.

Hongkong Ice Company's Shares—\$142 per share.

Hongkong and China Bakery Company, Limited—\$110 per share.

Perak Tin Mining and Smelting Company—\$22 per share.

Selangor Tin Mining Company—\$10 per share.
Perak Sugar Cultivation Company—Tls. 31 per share.

Hongkong Kato Manufacturing Company, Limited—\$100 per share.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1881—1 per cent. div.

HONGKONG TIDE-TABLE.

SUN TO SUNDAY, 1885.

HIGH WATER.

LOW WATER.

Height.

Hours.

Days.

W.

EXTRACTS.

THE CARE OF THE SKIN.

The following capital lines, written by a high official in the French Consulate, were published in a London periodical of November 14th, 1874.

There's skin without a skin within,
A covering skin and a living skin;
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubtless inward, and carried completely throughout.

The palates, the nostrils, the windpipes and throat
Are all of them lined with this inner coat;

Which through every part is made to extend—
Lungs, liver, and bowels, from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For excusing the dogs of the flesh of man;

While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed waste in his flesh to repair.

Whilst it goes well with the outside skin
You may feel pretty sure it's right within;

For if anything puts the inner skin out.

Of course it troubles the skin without.

The doctor, you know, examines your tongue
To see if your stomach or bowels are wrong;

If he feels that your hand is hot & dry,

He is able to tell you the same way.

Too much whisky, ergo, ergo.

It is apt to disorder the skin within.

Well, if dirty or dry, the skin without

Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,

Both skin without and that within;

To the first you'll give plenty of water and soap;

To the last little else besides water we'll hope.

But always be very particular where

You get your water, your food and your air;

For if these be tainted, thy rendered impure

It will have its effect on your blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best

Is that you like most and can soon digest;

All unripe fruit and decaying flesh

Beware of, and that is not very fresh.

Your water, transparent and pure as you think it,

Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it.

Unless you know smoky that nothing answers

Can have got it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware

Of breathing the poison of ones breathed air;

When in bed, whether you sit or lie down you may be,

Always open your window, and let go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,

And change your clothes quickly if dress'd in a storm;

For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin

Fries at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,

And attend to its wants without and within,

Never need of obscure feel any fears,

And your skin may last you a hundred years.

QUEER STORIES.

A SUSPICIOUS ACCIDENT.

"Where on earth do you pick him up, John, and who is he?" inquired Lady Purpton, of her lord, referring to the latest addition to the large party of guests assembled at Drifley Hall for the shooting.

"Do you mean little Mr. Rosilia? I believe he is a Chilian; at all events, he was living at Valparaiso when I went there in the Foal last year. He was very civil, and I dined at his house once or twice. I invited him here in case he ever comes to England. Of course, I never thought he would turn up," added his lordship, naïvely.

"You should be more careful, John," said his wife, reprovingly. "Mr. de Rosilia seems a very odd sort of person. He quite shocked old Miss Rosilia by his conversation."

"Oh! He is a foreigner. People will make excuses for him," said Lord Purpton.

"Oh, yes. And there is no harm in him. I dare say he won't stay here more than a day or two."

Lord Purpton spoke lightly, but was secretly rather ill at ease concerning his guest. A man who may seem to be a very good fellow on the other side of the globe is not necessarily a desirable acquaintance nearer home. Lord Purpton was beginning to realize this. To be sure, Mr. de Rosilia was presentable enough, judging from external. He was evidently not unacquainted with the usages of civilized society. He dressed well, for a foreigner, and might even be called good-looking. He was a swarthy little man of middle age, with a plump figure and a round, good-natured face. His politeness was only equalled by the complete self-possession he manifested upon all occasions. An utter absence of self-consciousness, combined with rather alarming freedom of speech, and the animal spirits of a guiltless schoolboy, rendered him an object of mingled curiosity and amusement to his fellow-guests.

Lord Purpton was inclined to be strait-laced as a host, and he was more shocked than he would have cared to admit at the licence which Mr. de Rosilia gave to his tongue before the ladies. But the lively little gentleman never permitted himself to say anything which called for serious remonstrance. He was innocently outspoken rather than ill-behaved. Lord Purpton, therefore, concealed his discomfiture, especially as the ladies evidently treated Mr. Rosilia as a person gratis in this respect. Nevertheless, he longed for the day when his inconvenient guest should take his departure, and his impatience increased hourly. The fact was he suspected that Mr. de Rosilia's cheerful indifference to conventionalities was not the worst side of his character.—The little gentleman conversed artlessly about himself and his private affairs whenever he could find a listener, and it soon transpired that he was a large speculator on all the Exchanges in Europe. He revealed, in fact, various little schemes which clearly showed that he was either a reckless adventurer or an insatiable gambler; perhaps a combination of both. These revelations were generally made in the smoking-room, and Lord Purpton found, on observing that some of the male guests were like himself, secretly horrified.

"Yes, like himself, secretly horrified. Rosilia, notwithstanding everything, it seemed impossible decidedly popular, for it seemed people were in regard him seriously, and to consider him ready to laugh at him."

In spite of his hasty, rather marked coolness, Mr. de Rosilia had a rather marked coolness, like himself, secretly horrified.

Miss Fawthrop and Mr. de Rosilia imagined themselves alone. In fact, I rather suspect," said Lady Purpton, with a faint smile, "that my informants, hearing the young people come into the conservatory, were thinking enough not to reveal their presence."

"You mean that they listened?"

"It is very serious indeed," said his lordship, pacing up and down the room. "What is the motive suggested?"

"Why should the girl desire to have Ferris injured?"

"Revenge—pig—so they say. But I can't believe it of her," said Lady Purpton, energetically.

"Do you think Miss Fawthrop suspects this rumour?"

"She is leaving, and her manner is certainly strange. She abruptly announced to me just now that she should return home this afternoon."

"Have you said anything about it to her?"

"No doubt; only it is very foolish of her," said Lady Purpton, with a distressed air.

"What do you mean?" inquired his lordship, detecting some secret significance underlying his wife's remark.

"I believe she encourages Mr. de Rosilia's attentions in order to pique Major Ferris. He is the last man in the world to be trifled with like that. He takes everything as

grand seriose. Lately his manner towards her has been colder and more distant than ever."

"Oh, you are still thinking of your little matrimonial scheme, are you?" said his lordship, grinning.

"My dear John, I am not a matchmaker, as you know," retorted Lady Purpton, colouring slightly; "but I could not stand by and see two people drift apart like Laura and Edmund Ferris are doing, for no earthly reason except their own foolish pride and awkwardness."

"Bah! my dear. It is your fancy. I don't suppose Ferris cares for the girl. If he did he would propose; that is the expression, isn't it? Ferris is old enough to know his own mind."

"Of course he knows his own mind; but he is as poor as—well, you know, John, he belongs to one of the best Highland families. Unfortunately he is a poor man, and as soon as he discovered that Laura was a good deal of money he discontinued his attentions."

"Ferris is a queer, reserved sort of fellow, but I did not think he was such an ass that," remarked Lord Purpton, yawning.

"You know perfectly well, John, that you would have acted as he has done in his place. I blame Laura more than I do him. She might have overcome his reticence by a little discreet encouragement. Instead of that she misunderstood the cause of his coldness. They behave like strangers to one another; he had carefully abstained from expression of sympathy for the invalid, in view of her share in the catastrophe, from the time of his arrival."

"I don't think that you ought to call the young people names for keeping out of matrimony, my dear," returned Lord Purpton, who sometimes tried to be cynical in a mild way.

"However," he added, more seriously, "as regards De Rosilia, I will help your wife in conspiracy by getting him out of the way. I think he has really been here long enough, I will contrive to give him a hint to go."

"Ob! I believe it is all nonsense—about Miss Fawthrop, I mean," said Lord Purpton, who was very much inclined to be ashamed of his suspicions.

"I was referring more particularly to De Rosilia," said Major Ferris, changing colour.

"Do you think he did it on purpose?"

"For my word, I don't know," said his lordship shortly.

"Can you give me his address?" inquired Major Ferris.

"I don't fancy he has such a thing," said his lordship, endeavouring to dispel, by a feeble joke, the ominous frown on his friend's brow. "He is a bird of passage—he is bound to go to-morrow."

Major Ferris rather abruptly turned the conversation, and ended by saying, in a casual way, that he should have to return to town that night.

When he had left, Lady Purpton remarked, rather apprehensively, "I should like to know what has taken him off so suddenly. I did not like the look upon his face. I am afraid he means mischief."

"Mischief—to whom?" inquired her lord. "To 'Mr.'—to Rosilia! I hope they will not fight a duel."

"If he did anything to Rosilia, he would probably horsewhip him. But, of course, Ferris wouldn't condescend to notice him, even if it were proved that he shot him on purpose," said his lordship, reassuringly.

Nevertheless, a few days afterwards, Lord Purpton received a letter, addressed in Major Ferris's handwriting, and bearing a foreign postmark, he exclaimed, "From Ferris!" He is on the Continent! By Jove! I hope he has not been fighting with Rosilia after all. Hello!" he added, after glancing rapidly at the envelope. "Here, Julia!

I think that Ferris is right, and that we've all treated the poor girl very badly. Anyhow, all's well that ends well. Your matrimonial project is about to be realized!"

Lady Purpton took the letter, and read aloud as follows:

DEAR LORD PURPTON.—I was so convinced that Miss Fawthrop was really wronged in reference to her conduct, and failing in her efforts to make amends, I sent her a few lines of comfort and consolation, and I trust you will receive them with pleasure.

Yours very truly, E. FERRIS.

A few days afterwards, Lady Purpton started her husband by abruptly inquiring whether he thought the affair was an accident.

"Why, of course!" he replied, open-mouthed.

"You know foreigners are sometimes very vindictive," said Lady Purpton, rather avoiding his glance. "This Mr. de Rosilia may have been jealous of Major Ferris. You mustn't forget that he paid a good deal of attention to Laura Fawthrop."

"Well, but he couldn't have been jealous of Ferris. You said yourself Ferris was coldness itself towards the girl," returned his lordship.

"That is quite true. It couldn't have been jealousy," said Lady Purpton, thoughtfully.

"Good gracious me! What next? It was an accident. The case made a fool of himself; as much the worse for Ferris," said his lordship.

"An extraordinary story has reached me, John," said Lady Purpton, looking distressed. "I hardly like to repeat it, but it seems to be generally known. Even the servants are talking about it. It is rumoured that Mr. de Rosilia shot Major Ferris at the instigation of Laura Fawthrop."

"What!" exclaimed his lordship, quite astounded.

"I have inquired into it. Miss Baynor and Lady Ann Harrill both heard Mr. de Rosilia propose to Laura that he should shoot Major Ferris."

"No!"

"Yes, indeed. There can be no doubt about it. The conversation was plainly overheard."

"In the large conservatory, on the afternoon before—the accident happened. Miss Fawthrop and Mr. de Rosilia imagined themselves alone. In fact, I rather suspect," said Lady Purpton, with a faint smile, "that my informants, hearing the young people come into the conservatory, were thinking enough not to reveal their presence."

"You mean that they listened?"

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"Ferris is a queer, reserved sort of fellow, but I did not think he was such an ass that," remarked Lord Purpton, yawning.

"Unfortunate, the young lady's conduct affected the accident certainly favoured the impressions that were entertained against her. She had shown symptoms of great distress of mind, which were the nature of the wounded man's injury, by no means apparent. It was observed that she was suffering from remorse, and it was observed that she declined to speak or to look at Mr. de Rosilia after the unfortunate episode. On the other hand, he had carefully abstained from expression of sympathy for the invalid, in view of her share in the catastrophe, from the time of his arrival."

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